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LOUISVILLE JOURNAL

(For the Sunday Journal.)

TO ANNIE CAROLE COLE.

Fair-faced girl, so gentle-bred,
The giddy dreamer so weakly wrought
In strains of semi-angelic song,
And wildish imagery of thought.
Are wistful to my lonely soul,
Lies And joys, and sorrows, air,
And man's still unfeigned depths,
With strange and subtle influence rare.

Their hearts beat each silent soul,
Which thither're, ere bethold hours were gone,
With goodness, truth, and purity,
To work the world's, loftiest aims
Of manhood's heavenwarded career,
And kindle all spirits fire.

In longing for a hoar life,
A new existence—nobler, higher,
They thrill my heart's littlest soul
With aspiration, proudly grand,
To work the world's, loftiest aims
Of manhood's heavenwarded career,
And kindle all spirits fire.

To sing thy song, and strike to life,
To wrestle, conquer, dare, and do,
But ah! the wild-giving notes,
Like sobbings of a widow'd dove—
The trembling faltering of thy broo—
The softest, sweetest, most divine—
The softest, sweetest, most divine—

Which waves through each penitent strain,
Has shivered o'er my "widder'd" heart
A strange foreboding still of pain.

A madding four, a maddening girl,
The love of which may bring me ill,

But ah! the kindly hidden secret,

The bitter fit draught the Fate distill,

And groans through a shadowed life,

With dead affection's haunting ghost—

Hast trusted with a woman's trust,

Has deeply lived and laid to rest!

If thou knewst thy Almighty source,
The love that's ever thy own will,

For we which truly know length to bear;

For drive the suffering spirit there,

Perchance thy pure unfaded boro—

And azure eyes—We dream them blue—

But ah! the dream's now cast away—

Accepting trophys at thy feet.

Accepting trophys at thy feet.